

BY J. B. JONES.

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not as our agents. Those who may participate in
or themselves in extending the circulation of this
paper, will not only be allowed a liberal commensu-
ration on some remitted, but receive our warmest thanks.

THE MADISONIAN.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23.

THE GREAT NATIONAL MEASURE.

The Missouri Reporter, received by the last
mail, states that Mr. Benton has "declared in
public that he will not advocate the immediate
annexation of Texas, even if he should be in-
structed to that effect." We trust there will be
found some mistake in this statement, or at least
that some qualification of the declaration was
made at the time, which was not communicated
to the editor; and we notice the assertion
not to censure the author of the declaration,
without a more distinct avowal, but to express
a hope that an error was committed in report-
ing his words, and that he will himself embrace
an early occasion to disavow his purposes in
such a manner as to preclude the possibility of
misconstruction.

Another incident, which transpired in the
Senate Chamber last spring, and which has
given rise to much speculation, and to no little
animadversion, is it hoped by a large mass of
the Democracy, will be fully explained by Mr.
Benton. We allude to the "bond of Union"
sealed by the Senator from Missouri with John
Quincy Adams. The explanation sought for,
is whether he pledged himself to unite with the
Massachusetts member in implacable hostility
to the purposes of the negotiators of the Treaty
of Annexation; and whether he enlisted as a
vindicator of the motives and action of Mr.
Adams, against the charge of Mr. Brown of
Tennessee, and of Gen. Jackson, founded upon
information derived from Mr. Erving, once our
Minister at the Court of Madrid, that after a
treaty negotiated by Mr. E. had been consumma-
ted, placing all of the territory of Texas within
our Southern boundary, he (Mr. Adams) being
Secretary of State, under Mr. Monroe, thrust
the treaty aside and negotiated one himself, fix-
ing the boundary at the Sabine, and giving
away, or refusing to have the territory of Tex-
as? An explanation on this point is unani-
mously desired by the advocates of immediate
annexation; and the more vehemently, because
Mr. Benton has appended a note to one of the
recent speeches, acknowledging that he did
Mr. Adams great injustice in one of his
editorials, wherein he "imprecated a curse" on
him for having given away this territory at the
time, and under the circumstances mentioned
above.

Understanding that Mr. Benton has arrived in
this city, or is expected to arrive in a day or
two, we will embrace this occasion to draw his
attention to another matter, not in a captious
spirit, or in the attitude of assault; but by a
respectful interrogatory, at the request of a De-
mocrat in Tennessee, to elicit information.—
Our friend in Tennessee has sent us a number
of the Jonesboro' Whig, dated October the 9th,
containing what purports to be a speech deliver-
ed by Mr. B. in Booneville, Missouri, on the 18th
of September last, and written out for publica-
tion by himself. Our correspondent has marked
sundry passages, which he desires us to
copy, and to inquire if they were really uttered
by the orator. We comply with the request,
knowing that if the extracts be not genuine, we
will deserve the thanks of Mr. Benton for thus
affording him an opportunity of denying their
authenticity:

"Mr. Benton proceeded to the subject on which
we were anxious to hear him speak, namely, the
annexation of Texas." Much of the first part of
his speech was taken up in establishing the positions
which he had maintained upon the negotiation of the
treaty, by which Texas was lost to us through the
instrumentality of Mr. Calhoun and other South-
ern members of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet. He read
the bill introduced by him at the last session of Con-
gress, giving authority to the President to open nego-
tiations with Mexico and Texas, and proceeded to
explain and defend it. "Let those who want Texas
with the Union," he said, "go for the bill; let those
who want Texas without the Union adhere to the
dead treaty."

"Disunion was a primary object of the treaty, an
intrigue for the Presidency was its secondary object;
land speculation and stock-jobbing were auxiliary
objects; and the four objects together brought it
forward at the time and in the manner in which it
came forward, just forty days before the Baltimore
Convention, and at the exact moment to mix with the
Presidential election, and to make dissension, discord,
and mischief between the North and the South.—
Mr. B. had meant this for the prime movers and
negotiators of the treaty, and not for those who
supported the treaty without participating in the views
of the makers. He had in various speeches exposed
the disunion scheme and the intrigue for the Presi-
dency; he had not shown the part which the land-
speculating and stock-jobbing acted in concocting
the treaty and pressing its ratification. He had not
noticed the part, but it was a conspicuous one, and
was seen by every body at Washington. The city
was a buzzard roost; the Presidential mansion and
Department of State were buzzard roosts; defiled
and polluted by the foul and voracious birds, in the
shape of land-speculators and stock-jobbers, who
saw their prey in the treaty, and spared no effort to
secure it. Their own work was to support the treaty
and its friends—to assail its opponents—to abuse
the Senators who were against it—to vilify them,
and lie upon them in speech and in writ; and to
establish a committee, still sitting in Washington,
to promote and protect their interest.

"There were others who wanted it (Texas) for
very different purposes—the disunionists, for ex-
ample—who wanted to use it for separating the slave-
holding from the non-slaveholding States; Presi-
dential intriguers, who wanted to make and unmake
Presidential candidates, and land-speculators and
stock-jobbers, who wanted to enrich themselves.

"Throughout this speech, Mr. B. presented it as
the design of the Texas treaty not to get Texas into
the Union, but to get the Southern States out of it,
and showed that the whole treaty, and all the corre-
sponding relations to it, was a conspiracy, and a
conspiracy for the purpose. To pick a quarrel with
Great Britain, and also the non-slaveholding States
on the subject of slavery, was the open, undisguised
object of the negotiator from the beginning to the
ending. To array the slaveholding against the non-
slaveholding States, and to keep the Union open and
continued effort. To present the acquisition of Texas
as a Southern, sectional, slave-holding question
wholly directed to the extension, perpetuation, and
predominance of slavery, was his express and avowed
obj.

Mr. B. said he saw the first signs of this scheme of

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dissolution during the session of Congress of 1842-
'43. He saw other signs of it in the summer of
1843; and by the end of the late session of Congress
the signs had become so thick and clear that he was
able to denounce it on the floor of the Senate. His
reply to Mr. McDuffie on Saturday, the 15th of
June, was the first public denunciation of this new
treason against the Union. He had denounced it
long before to many persons, and particularly at the
late session of Congress to Mr. Aaron V. Brown, a
member of Congress from Tennessee, who had vicar-
iously obtained the Texas letter from General Jack-
son, and who seemed to be vicariously charged with
some enterprise on himself, and which was nipped
in the bud, but it was what it might. He had foretold
at the commencement of the session all that he had
proclaimed at the end of it. He knew the treasur-
able design and the Presidential intrigue long before
he proclaimed it in the Senate. He could not speak
until the signs were sufficiently developed to com-
mand the attention and the credence of the pub-
lic. Before the end of the session this was the case.
Believing in the strength of the Texas question, and
that the patriotic sympathies of the people might
blind them to the consequences of rash coun-
sels, the old nullifiers and disunionists of 1839
went boldly to work to accomplish the design
which they admit they began too soon then.—
Disunion as a consequence of non annexation, was
proclaimed in hundreds of resolutions. Measures
were openly concocted for carrying the resolutions
into effect. Members of Congress from the Southern
States were sent to together; communications with
the Texas Minister were recommended to be
suspended; all the slave States were to be routed and
excited; and to crown the scheme, a Hartford Con-
vention, under the pretext of a Southern Texas Con-
vention, was proposed to be held at Nashville. All
this, Mr. B., had denounced in the Senate. He
denounced it in the hearing of thousands, with the
concurrence of almost all, and without denial from
any. Whigs and Democrats applauded him. Happily
there was one green spot in the political field,
where Whigs and Democrats united, and that was in
the patriotic field of devotion to the Union. Whigs
cheered him as well as Democrats, when he de-
nounced disunion in the American Capitol; and
since that time a still more striking spectacle had
been witnessed, and that was the present month,
Whigs and Democrats assembled at Nashville in joint
meeting, and in energetic resolutions protested
against the desecration of Tennessee soil by
profaning it to the purposes of a disunion Con-
vention. These resolutions will repulse the South-
eastern disunionists at Nashville, and drive it
to seek some other locality."

We shall be truly rejoiced to ascertain that
the speech from which the above extracts
(marked for insertion in our paper) are taken,
was merely an "invention of the enemy;" al-
though it is quite probable that such senti-
ments, purporting to come from such a distin-
guished source, may have very materially oper-
ated on the election in Tennessee, in which
State this document was extensively circulated.

The measure of Annexation, however, is
sufficiently potential of itself to make its way to
a happy consummation, in despite of opposition
from any quarter. It is the PEOPLE'S measure,
and to resist it is to be crushed. The effort to
stem the tide of its growing popularity, when it
had as yet not acquired one-fourth of its destined
impetus, annihilated schemes for the Presi-
dency which had been concocting for years, and
which formed the grand result of the labors and
intrigues of powerful combinations of politi-
cians and presses. This was when the mea-
sure was in its infancy; subsequently, when it
waxed a little stronger, but while still in its
youth, like a young Hercules, it demolished the
Whig party, and placed one of its sincere advo-
cates at the head of the Government, who had
not, previous to its birth, even aspired to that
exalted position.

And now, when the power of this great na-
tional measure is rapidly attaining the full vigor
of maturity, it would be well for politicians, be-
fore opposing it, to consider its importance to
the country, "geographically, commercially,
and politically;" the will of the People, just
expressed at the polls; and, finally, in what
light their conduct may be viewed by posterity.

Calumny and detraction did their worst dur-
ing the contest just closed so triumphantly.—
If the charges and fabrications in the extracts
we have copied, be not indeed the productions
of the author to whom they are attributed, still
they have been every where circulated; and
similar ones, of almost equal enormity, have
been uttered by our opponents in every section
of the Union, and all to no purpose. The
President, the Secretary of State, and all the
able and patriotic statesmen who cheered them
in their labors, are sufficiently acquitted of
the evil designs imputed to them by their cir-
cumvented enemies. The People would not
believe such preposterous and absurd libels, and
their verdict of "not guilty" has been deposited
in the BALLOT BOX.

EMOLIENTS.

We perceive, by the Philadelphia papers,
that the ladies of that city are raising a fund to
present Mr. Clay with a service of silver, which
is to cost several thousand dollars; and "a pro-
position has also been started to raise a fund, by
subscription, to purchase 'Mount Vernon,' the
home of Washington, which is offered for sale,
to be presented to Mr. Clay as a sign of regard,
which shall have some relation to the depths and
extent of the feeling entertained by the donors." And
in Providence, Rhode Island, it is proposed to
procure by subscription a full length portrait
of Mr. Clay, to hang in the Senate Chamber by
the side of Stuart's Washington, or in some
other public place; while elsewhere, some of
his friends are anxious for his statue in marble,
the expenses of its procurement to be paid by
wo shifting subscriptions.

All this, however, will not effectually soften
the asperity of Mr. Clay's disappointment;—for,
after looking, "lo! these many years," to the
gift (more precious than all) of the Presi-
dency, he has "seen his fondest hopes decay." The
"service of silver" will be of little service to
him—Mount Vernon is too near proximity to
the White House for an agreeable residence; and
as to the portrait and the statue, his friends
evidence a satisfaction truly commendable—to be
satisfied with the shadow since they failed to
secure the substance itself.

A NEW WAY OF MANUFACTURING PAINT.—The
following shows the Pensacola Gazette) was related
to us by a person who was formerly a carpenter in
the U. S. Navy:

"During a cruise in the South Pacific, we went
into the harbor of Coquimbo, and as the ship had been
a long time, she was covered with rust from stem
to stern. It was the anxious wish of the commander
that she should be restored to her pristine colors, but,
on examining the store-room, 'twas ascertained that
there was not a pound of white lead in the ship; in

this emergency I bethought me of an expedient which
concocted an admirable substitute, composed of the
following ingredients:

"Air-slacked lime, pulverized until it was of the
consistency of flour, which was then passed through a
sieve.

"Rice boiled in a large kettle until the substance
was drawn entirely out of the grain; the water, then
of a plastic nature, was strained to separate the
grain, &c., and clear the liquid. A tub, about the
size of a half-barrel, of the prepared lime and
rice-water was mixed with a gallon of linseed oil,
and the material had so much the appearance of
paint that a novice could not have told the differ-
ence.

"The ship was painted outside and in-board with
the above mixture (which cost next to nothing) and
never presented a finer white streak on her bows or
cleaner bulwarks and berth-deck than on that occa-
sion, and no other kind of white paint was used dur-
ing the remainder of the cruise."

GOV. POLK AT HOME.

The Nashville Union, replying to the Banner on
the subject of the vote for Mr. Polk in his own town,
Columbia, says:—

"It is true that a majority of votes were given for
Henry Clay in Columbia, but it is not true that they
were given by the citizens of that town; for the de-
feat of Gov. Polk in his own precinct being one of
the highest points of his ambition, hundreds of their
party were induced to go in from adjacent precincts
for this inglorious purpose. It is, therefore, no evi-
dence of a lack of popularity, but of a want of
character, in the best possible evidence that, for this
inglorious purpose, he was able to induce a large
number of his party to go in from adjacent precincts.
Gov. Polk would have had a decided majority in the
country seat where he resides.

So with the Hermitage precinct. It has been
praised for the personal and political friends of Henry
Clay, and for the friends of the Union, who were
given by the citizens of that town; for the de-
feat of Gov. Polk in his own precinct being one of
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THE ELK RUNNERS.

From the St. Louis Revue.

The following extraordinary relation is literally
true. It has been communicated to us by one of our
oldest and most respectable citizens, and is further
substantiated by the concurring testimony of the
senior editor of this paper, who knew both of the men
spoken of, and has never heard the story doubted.
Major John Dougherty, the "Kentuckian" men-
tioned, is still living in Clay County, Missouri, which
he has represented in the Legislature, besides having
filled the important post of Indian Agent. He was
famous in his youth, among the prairie and moun-
tain men, as a hunter of extraordinary skill and en-
durance. We should like, of all things, to hear his
own statement of an adventure which is certainly
among the most marvellous ever heard of in the
pages of fiction; if, indeed, fiction has any thing to
compare with it.]

In the year 1818, the Missouri Fur Company had
a post below Council Bluffs, named Fort Lisa, where
the gentleman who had established it. There was
much competition in the trade at that time, and it
was a great point to select the very best men for run-
ning the line.

Mr. Lisa had with him a young Kentuckian named
D., a fine daring fellow, with a frame of iron, the
speed of an ostrich, and the endurance of a camel.—
He was fortunate, moreover, in the retention of a
half-breed, called Mal Baw, who, notwithstanding
his half-breed name, was as hardy as a horse, and
merit than D.; and between the two men, conse-
quently, a keen rivalry existed. D. had travelled on
foot from Blackbird Hills to Fort Lisa, a distance of
90 miles, in thirteen hours. Mal Baw also boasted
some astonishing feats of "bottom," and both were
stunned and amazed at the time we speak of,
for the purpose of providing venison.

One evening in July, the weather extremely warm,
the grass high, and the post were unfurnished with
meat, the two men were playing at cards, when their
employer came up, reproached them with their negli-
gence, and ordered them to start, the next morning,
a hunt for venison. Obedience was promised, of
course, but the game continued, each moment grow-
ing more desperate, the spirit of rivalry pre-
siding their hearts over every thing, till finally, morn-
ing broke as the half-breed declared himself to be broken.—
They fell asleep on the spot, and the sun was well
up, when Mr. Lisa, informed of the case, again ap-
peared in no pleasant humor, it may be supposed,
cursed, swore, and carried on, until the delinquents,
fully aroused, and a little alarmed took their guns
and started off for Papilion creek, on the edge of the
prairie, about five miles off. There they discovered
a gang of elk, when the Kentuckian suggested a plan
of approach, which would enable them to get a good
shot. The half-breed, ranking at his companion's
triumph the night previous, observed, sulkily:

"I don't like to kill my gun, but with my knife."
The pluck of the Kentuckian was aroused in an
instant, and he interpreted the vaunt as a challenge to
a trial of speed and bottom, and on his saying proudly
that what he said he did, he did, he took up his rifle,
with his gun on his back, and approaching the
elk as near as possible, he suddenly raised the In-
dian yell, which had a most paralyzing effect upon
the animal.

Off they went across a low prairie, a few miles
in width, leaving their pursuers behind; but steady-
ly the latter continued their pace, never less-
ening their efforts until they were within a few
yards of the elk. They reached the bluff—ascended—crossed—de-
scended—rose resolve upmost in their minds, "never
to say fail." League after league the chase and
race continued, the men panting like hounds, cooling
their mouths in the crossing occasional branch, by
throwing up the water with their palms, but still, un-
reaching, a pre-chasing elk storm raged, a distance
of twenty miles, by mutual agreement they took a
circuit with an increased speed, got ahead of the elk,
and actually prevented them from crossing.

Leagues and leagues upon leagues the chase
continued, the animals by this time so exhausted by
heat, thirst, and above all, fright, for the hunters had
necessarily sent forth their yells, in this case as much
a scream of mutual defiance as an article of the
chase, that they now scarcely exceeded their pursu-
ers in speed; the latter furied and maddened with
excitement, redoubled their efforts until the elk,
reaching a prairie pond, or sink, the hunters at their
heels, plunged despairingly in, lay down and aban-
doned themselves, heedless of all else, to the gratifi-
cation of their thirst. The frantic raves, knife in
hand, dashed in after their prey, began the work of
slaughter, passing until they had butchered the thing
they sought, and at his side the Kentuckian, Kentucky
knife and hollow, stream and timber—there he was,
and prepared the meet for transportation to the Fort,
whenever they had to return for home.

Had the victory ended? No! for victory or death
was the inward determination; and as yet neither
had given way. Off dashed again the indomitable
half-breed and the Kentuckian, with the elk in their
pursuit, and the sun was high in the sky, and the
sun was sinking—blind, staggering on they went
—they reached the Fort, haggard, wild and voiceless,
as from the fires of the saiges, the gauntlet of fiends,
A crowd gathering round the exhausted men, who

had arrived together, and now fainting, still side by
side, a long time before they were enabled by signs
and whispers, to tell that they had run down sixteen
elk, and yet could not say which was the best man!

This feat brought upon D. an affliction of the lungs,
nor did he recover his strength for several years.—
He is still alive—a quiet and influential citizen.
Mal Baw became very dissipated, and died in a short
time. Our informant tells us that he has made an
examination of the country, forming their race track,
himself, and that they, without exaggeration, must
have run seventy-five miles between the hours of 8
A. M. and 7 P. M. He is fond of reading the New
York Standard, and wishes to know what the
editor that day Barclay and Ellsworth wrote
when compared with the prairie runners of the west?
—a thousand of whose exploits remain untold, as
matters of common occurrence.

"THE MAN THAT DID NOT VOTE."

Under this title there is published in the Philadel-
phia Saturday Evening Post, two admirable sketches
by J. C. Neal, the Dickens of America. The first
of these sketches introduces Mr. Peleg W. Ponder,
as "the politician without a side." Mr. Ponder, as
his name indicates, never decided any thing hastily—
in fact never decided at all. Mr. Neal first gives us
some general account of the birth and parentage of
Mr. Ponder.

His mother's name was Mrs. Perplexity Ponder,
whose earthly career came to an end, while he was
in the womb, and which of the various physicians of the
place should be called in. If there had been only one
doctor in the town, Perplexity Ponder might have
been saved. But there were many; and what
could Perplexity do in such a case?

Ponder's father was run over by a wagon, as he
stood debating with himself, in the middle of the
road, whether he should escape forward, or retreat
backward. There were two methods of extrication,
and between them both, old Ponder became a victim.

One of Peleg's daily difficulties was in not being
able to answer the question, "how are you?"

"People," he says, are always asking me how I
do, and more than half the time, I can't tell—there's
a good many different sorts of ways of feeling bet-
ter and between, 'very sick, I thank you, but I
don't feel like a man, and people won't stop to hear
you explain the matter. They want to know right
smack yourself. Sometimes you feel things a-coming, and
just after, you feel things a-going. And nobody's
exactly prime all the while; I am untidy—I'm
kinder so, just now, and I'm sorter 'olter law, just
after. Then, some people tell you that you look
very well, when you don't feel very well—how then?"

At table Peleg is not exactly sure what he will
take; and sits looking slowly up and down the board,
deliberating what he would like, until the rest of the
company have finished their repast, there being
of no nothing left which suits Peleg's hesitating
appetite.

Peleg has never married—not that he is averse to
the conjugal state—not the contrary, he has a large
share of the susceptibilities, and is always partially
in love. But (as he himself says) he is too much
of a coward to marry.

"If there wasn't so many of them, I shouldn't be so
bothered," said Peleg; or, if they all looked alike,
a man couldn't help himself. But yesterday I wanted
this one—to-day, I want that one; and how can I tell,
if I should get this, or that, or 'olter, that it wouldn't
soon be somebody else that I really wanted? That is
the difficulty. It always happens as with me. When
the lady's most courted, and thinks I ought to speak
out, I begin to be skeered, for I've made a mistake
and have been thinking I loved her when I didn't.
May be it's not the right one—may be she
better not venture at all. I wish there wasn't so
many 'em be' about a dozen thing, especially in such
affairs. I've got at least a dozen unfinished courtships
on hand already."

Mr. Ponder is next introduced to us as a politician
—his fortune becomes impaired, and he wants an of-
fice. But here difficulties increase.

For whom shall Peleg shout?
Behold him as he ponders over the returns of the
State elections, laboring in vain to satisfy his mind
as to the result in the Presidential contest. Stup-
ified by figures—perplexed by contradictory state-
ments—battered by the general hurrah; what can
Peleg do?

"Who's going to win? That's all I want to know,"
exclaims he, and Peleg; "I don't want to waste my
time blowing out for the wrong person, and never
get a thank-ee. What's the use of that? There's
Simkins—says I, Simkins, says I, which is the
party that can't be beat? And Simkins turns up
his nose and tells me every fool knows that—it's his
party, I'm a burrah for Simkins, says he, as hard as
I can. But come, Simkins—Simkins' side is 'olter
side from Simkins' side, and Simkins offers to bet
three times that his side is the side that can't be
beat. Hurrah! says I, for Simkins' side—and I
can't tell which side!"

As for the new papers, that's worse still. They
don't only blur the truth, but they cipher it out so
clear that both sides will win, if there's any truth in
the cyphering book, which there isn't about election
times. What's to be done? I've tried going to all
the meetings—I've hurrah for every body—I've been
in all the processions, and sit a while in the
band, and say how we have used to be. I can't
tell you how I feel. I've got one kind of documents
in 'olter pocket, and I've got home at night, I sing
one sort of song as loud as I can bawl, half the way,
and try another sort of song the rest of the way,
just to split the difference and show my impartiality.
If I can't make two votes—a couple of 'em, how nice
it would be."

But the best thing that can be done now I guess,
as my character is established both ways, is to turn
in quietly till the row is all over. Nobody will miss
me when they're so busy; and afterwards, when we
know all about it, just look for Peleg W. Ponder, as
he comes down the streets, shaking people by the
hand, and saying, how we have used to be. I can't
say now, or I would—for I am not perfectly sure
yet which is 'we,' or 'I' am 'them.' Time enough
when the election is over."

The election canvass grows warm, and Peleg is
haunted between the two parties—now attracted by
this and now by that—never certain where nor mov-
ing certainly here. He cannot make up his mind
to do either, and all the while he is with his friends
—Simkins and Simkins, two leaders of the opposite
parties, only increases his difficulties. He bethought
him of voting a blank ticket, but was afraid of dis-
covery—he thought he would be kicking—being up
the knacker, and having a load of
himself in his door. In this mind he goes to
Simkins.

"Simkins," he said, putting his hand to his head
in a touching manner, "Simkins, the excitement
—this suffering for my country—does me brown. I
do believe, Simkins, there is something wrong here,
in my uper story—my head, Simkins, has an empty
place."

"Garrets to let, perhaps," replied Simkins.
"Don't be jaking, Simkins. It seems sometimes
as if I had no head on my shoulders—my head, you
see—"

"Well," said Simkins, "there's nothing in that;
and if you can get along without a head, it saves
hats."

"I've an idea, Simkins, yes—I know—I am going
to be sick—at such a time, to—the loss of one's
head sometimes turned me sick—I'd rather die than
have it said that Peleg W. Ponder did not do his
duty."

"Good sign, Ponder—you're the gwynnie article;
and I shall never be said that you did not vote, if
there's a single poll of brass left in your body."

"What?" cried Ponder, somewhat agast.

"Yes, Ponder—I'll see to it—just as I see as
you've a mind to be as sick as you like—have the
complaints, or anything you please, so that you
will be able to wink and hold a ticket in your fat—"

"Come after you in a cab—we'll ride you to the polls,
and all—doctors, phisic, every thing to make you
comfortable; and then, when we're done with you,
Peleg, why, you may hop the twig just as soon as
it suits your convenience—it won't make any difference,
you know, after the election. In a patriotic point
of view, Peleg, and that's the way you always take,
a man's of no kind of use after the election."

"But won't I catch a death of cold?" inquired Pe-

leg, in dejection; "clouds is such bad things when
they're 'ud cold."

"What if you do, patriotically considered—what's
a man in comparison to a vote—what's a bad cold
compared to glory? Your vote won't catch cold;
and if the worst should happen, we'll have a para-
graph about it in the newspapers, and every election
that is to come, we'll be able to catch all the sick
voters to turn out by telling 'em how it was the death
of you. You'll be immortal and cheap."

Peleg also consulted Simkins, who is on the other
side, relative to the same distressing matter; but
Simkins for once agreed with Peleg, as to the
proper method of procedure. It was his decided opin-
ion that if Peleg should chance to be unwell, he
must of course be carried to the polls, at all hazards,
because, as Mr. Simkins observed in a kindly man-
ner, "it wasn't of no consequence whatsoever, if
Peleg W. Ponder, did defect, as soon as his vote had
been cast. They could send him home after the
polls had closed."

"A man can't live forever, you know, Peleg," said
Simkins, in the way of consolation; and you've
been about here a good while, it can't make much dif-
ference—after you have voted. There will be plen-
ty of us here, and thus finding no encourage-
ment among his friends, on either side in reference
to his favorite project, Peleg abandoned the idea of
being sick, especially as he remembered that the
voter in a cab flaring with placards and streaming
with banners, has no chance at all. Political cab are al-
ways distinctly and decidedly for somebody; and those
who ride in them, are likely to be set down as being
for the same person.

"It won't do," groaned Peleg; "a man can't possi-
bly ride in two cabs, or in more than one bus—at
the same time. If I must go, I'll walk—I've got two
legs any how—each leg on each side—a hand on each
side—yes, and a sharp eye on each side. All I want
is a vote on each side, so that I might go in to em
right and left, swing corners; saashy, and lemonade
all round."

Chance! It struck Peleg that he would have re-
course to chance—to the very Virginian, and de-
cide upon what should be the nature of his vote, for
a feeling that perhaps a genius hovers in the air, who,
if properly appealed to, will direct the erratic and
doubtful steps of the great family of the Ponders. He
brought himself to a by-place, and after looking cau-
tiously around, Peleg drew a penny from his pocket.
He held it in Simkins' side—in I'm sure, in the
which ever comes up first, that's my side." Tired
of coppers, he drew lots—weighted with lots, he had
recourse to various other means; but as he never felt
sufficiently satisfied to stop, these devices left him
pretty much as he was before. "I wish," said Peleg,
"I could only converse the